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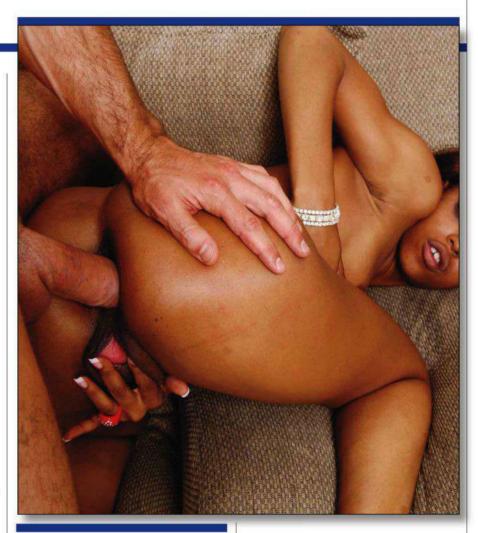


If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them - or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

It was my first day as the new assistant coach at the local high school and to say I was excited would be an understatement. The classes were full of what I was hoping would be bright-eyed, eager girls ready to get in shape, but the reality was not guite as uplifting. Half the students bitched from the moment they walked into the gym until the moment they left and others seemed to be hell bent on feasting on the egos of the smaller, or fatter, or less attractive. This was high school the way I remembered it.

The day wore on like this, first one thing then another. The lead physical education coach was an idiot who only seemed concerned with her sports section, so it was the girls and me all day and by the end of it, I felt a thick layer of sweat running down my body from all the hard working out that was just to show the students what to do or how to do something right. It wasn't like I was out of shape; quite the opposite, I was in great shape. At five foot nine and weighing in at a hundred and thirty pounds, with long curly hair and smooth chocolatey skin, I would go so far as to say that I was pretty good looking, and most people would agree.

It was with this profound sense of exhaustion that I started to get undressed and get ready for my own shower. I couldn't help but be amazed at the memory of how bad it really was taking a shower every day back in high school; I shook my head thinking about it as I peeled my bra and panties off and slipped into the shower. The hot water felt almost orgasmic as I scrubbed the



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layer of sweat off from the day. I had also forgotten how a locker room smelled; the rough stench of some two hundred girls working out filled my nose and was almost nasty.

That is when I saw him out of the corner of my eye. He was a janitor at the school, almost my age, and he was tall with dark hair and a pair of reading glasses; he was trying very

hard not to look at me but not doing too well. I don't know what came over me but I decided I was going to tease him just a little. After all, what harm was there in a little bit of naked teasing between co-workers? I started to soap up again, this time paying close attention to my breasts, and I could see him shifting uncomfortably against the handle of his mop as I started to tease my firm globes. He seemed to be stepping a bit closer every time I put my head under the water and let the warm blast cascade down my face. The next time I looked up he was standing right by the door, and he had taken off his shirt. My first thought

was, Alright, game over, I have to stop before I find myself getting into trouble with the school, but he looked so damn good. It wasn't like he was a Greek god but he looked really good; it was obvious that he spent his days in more active pursuits than the typical teacher here. His arms were belted with knots of heavy muscle and his hands looked big and strong holding the mop that he was now letting go of.

I just stood there, staring like some sort of an idiot as he started stripping off his pant. The man wasn't wearing underwear and when his member came free from his pants, I gasped and looked at his swinging tool. He was rock hard as he stepped into the shower with me; he had left his heavy boots on the ground with the socks and he stood there naked in front of me like a bluecollar Adonis.

I felt his hands wrapping around me and his lips pressing to mine; I don't know what was coming over me but the touch of his lips against mine turned me from mild-mannered assistant gym teacher to undersexed nymphomaniac. I pressed against him, his body feeling good and hard and right against mine. I ran my nails up his back in a hard scrape of nails and for the first time I heard him speak, well, it wasn't really a word it was more like a gasp of lust. His voice was rough and gravely and when he kissed me I could have sworn that there was the slight taste of cigarette smoke in his mouth. I broke the kiss and started kissing his neck. I could feel him pushing his cock against my stomach as he pushed me towards the green-tiled wall, the water cascading down both of us, his hands touching me everywhere - I had never been so turned on in my entire life.

He grabbed my hair and tilted my head to the side, running his rough lips down my neck with hard kisses. I can remem-



ber opening my thighs for his fingers by wrapping a leg around his waist and the base of his cock was pressing towards my pussy, but not actually able to get into me from this angle. I couldn't believe I was letting this guy touch me like this: I felt like a slut but as I felt the hard length of his cock running up and down my slick wetness, I didn't care. Instead of fighting him or even trying to stop him, I started to move my hips towards his body. All I can say about how he felt was damn, he felt good. Damn, I felt alive, and most importantly - damn, I needed him more than I thought.

I could feel his leathery hands caressing my ass, his fingers digging into

the flesh of my ass cheeks, holding me tight. I couldn't help but move my hips faster towards him, following his urging strong hands as he moved my hips with him. I couldn't believe how good his big cock felt rubbing its way up and down my core; I couldn't help but let out a hard moan, my body becoming more responsive to his touches. I was getting wetter by the moment and for the first time in a long time it wasn't because I was using a toy.

He moved his hands from my ass and slid them up to my shoulders and I could feel the gentle pressure pushing me down. I knew what he wanted without him saying a word, so I slid slowly to my knees with his gentle

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urging. As I slid to my knees I peppered his chest with small kisses; he was unbelievably smooth and cut. I could hear his grunts of passion as my lips came closer to his shaft; I didn't want to take him into my mouth right away, I wanted to tease him and make him feel as good as he was making me feel. I started peppering around his cock with small kisses and I could feel his heated length sliding against my cheek as I started kissing his inner thighs.

Slowly, I let my lips come in contact with his hanging balls. I couldn't believe they were so smooth as I started to suck them into my mouth. The moment my mouth came in contact with them, his grip on my shoulders tightened and he let out a hard moan of passion. His voice was like heaven; I had almost wished he would say something, but I think that the sound of real human words would have ruined the passion of the moment forever.

I pulled my lips away from the weight of his balls and after running my tongue slowly from the base of his cock to the head of his shaft, I slipped him into my mouth. He felt wonderfully warm and hard, yet soft at the same time, as I let my lips slide down his cock. Taking him into my hot mouth in the shower room of my own work, I couldn't help but moan harder. He moved his hands from my shoulders to my hair, holding my head as he started to move his hips; I could feel his hips flexing as I started to move my hand to hold his hips. I started to slide my tongue on the underside of his shaft as he started to work my head with increased need; he was riding my mouth harder by the moment and I could feel the wet weight of his balls smacking against my chin as he started to push deeper into my mouth. I struggled



to open my throat to take him into me.

I don't know what happened next, but pretty soon he was on top of me, his hips hammering into my throat. The water was pooling around me as he started to pump my mouth, my body was tense on the cool tile floor as the desires were running through me and I could feel the fire in my pussy - I needed it to be filled with his rock-hard cock.

It didn't take too long and my wish was granted; he popped his cock out of my still sucking mouth and started to slide down my body. I spread my thighs, ready to take him, and he didn't fail to the deliver. His cock slid up and down my pussy for a minute and the moment that his fat round cock head found the entrance, he was inside of me. I moaned as he started to pump his hips, pushing my ass with a 'splat' sound against the cool tile floor; I pushed my

hips up to him, moaning as I felt him so deep into me.

He was huge, bigger than I thought, and he was using every muscle in his hard body to drive his cock into my core. His rough hands holding my shoulders in a combination embrace and leverage to pull himself deeper into me, I cried out as the pleasurable ache of his cock slammed into my innermost walls. Every thrust seemed to find the same places in my pussy, sending the same lightning-like jolts through my helpless, prone body. I lifted my legs, wrapping them around his hips, and used my leg muscles to pull him even deeper into me. The sensations were fantastic - I could feel my clit alive down there as he rubbed against it. I raked my nails down his back and he cried out with lust.

I could feel the motions of his hips getting jerkier as he started to hammer me harder. My own orgasm was coming on fast. He wasn't letting up, as my back slid up the wet tile floor and my legs and arms were tight around his body, holding on helpless and loving it.

My orgasm hit with the force of a thunderclap, my entire body going stiff against him, holding him as he hammered my dripping wetness. I ground my hips up to him as he pushed so deep into me and I let my back arch up to him, crying out. He was grunting and moaning with his own thrusts, as I started to jerk and shake under him like a livewire. My toes curled from the force of my orgasm and the wet sound of flesh on flesh filled the room.

He gave a hard cry himself and pushed into me. I could feel his cock twitch inside of me as he unloaded his hot, sticky load in my pussy. He held his hips there, holding me tight to his body, my own body still clenching around him as the weight of his body pushed me to the floor; I gasped for breath as we moved together, slowly riding out the last



waves of our shared orgasm.

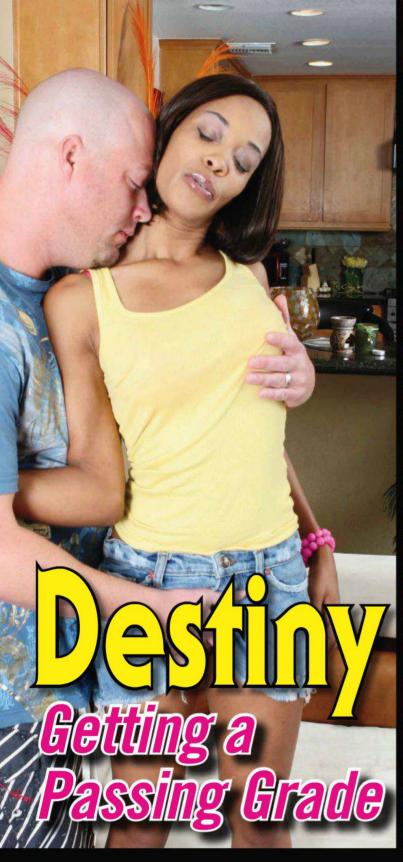
Slowly he pulled his cock out of me and I let out a soft moan as I felt him sliding out; my pussy was a mess.

"Looks like you might need another shower," he said finally, his voice still raspy with the fresh fucking. I just nodded as a blush made my face warm; he smiled a bit and rinsed himself off before mumbling something about going back to work. I could tell by the deep crimson on his cheeks that he was

as amazed at what had just happened as I was.

We have had a few more encounters like that after class and even tried going on a couple of dates, which went fairly well, but it kind of tapered off as the school year came to an end; taking care of each other's needs when the time arose was enough for both of us. I guess hooking up isn't always a bad thing.

- Jennifer Durose





Destiny knew her son wasn't the best student around, but she had no idea just how bad he was until his school's principal showed up on her doorstep one afternoon. Rather than calling a meeting in his office, he decided to pay the hot MILF a visit during his lunch break, hoping that they could work out a deal. Her son had been skipping class and spending a lot of time in detention and if he kept it up, he wouldn't be moving on to the next grade at the end of the school year. Being a reasonable man, he was ready to talk about possible options that would benefit everyone involved, but he had no idea just how easy it was going to be to get Destiny to open those gorgeous, dark, slutty legs for him. As soon as Destiny heard the details about her son's situation, she knew she could bribe the principal in a very special way.





















































Dena knew she liked women from the moment she ate her best friend's pussy in high school. She had nothing against men, but she liked the look, feel and taste of the sexual organ she knew so well from years of experimenting with herself. She knew how to touch, lick, bite, pull and work a pussy to make herself, and any other woman, come numerous times in a row in a series of screaming orgasms. She had had a crush on her mom's single best friend for years and had always had the impression that her mom's friend had a thing for girl-on-girl action too. Finally deciding to go for it, she showed up at her mom's friend's house wearing nothing under her coat other than a tiny thong and bra.









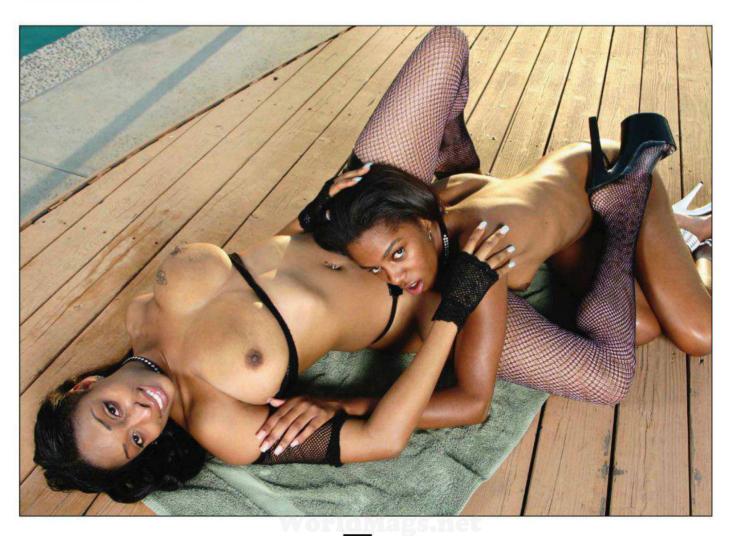






Dena had been wrong about one thing - Carmen had no lesbian experience. Dena was eager to introduce her to the pleasures possible as she started licking the older woman's yummy slit.











































It was no secret Jada had a thing for her boyfriend's hunky friends, and she was sure they had a thing for her. Whenever the two were over at the house, they couldn't take their eyes off of her perky rack and would always compliment her on everything. Not to mention, she usually saw a nice large bulge in each of their pants. Jada couldn't explain it, but every time she saw them, she had to run to the bathroom and play with herself to relieve the pressure from her throbbing pussy. She didn't know much longer she could take it. Her cunt was begging for them and who was she to constantly deny herself? When they came over looking for her boyfriend and didn't leave once she told them he wasn't home, she knew there was a plan in action. And when they threw themselves at her sexy braless tits, she knew she had scored the jackpot.





























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When Eve moved into her new apartment, it was a total dump. The color on the walls was horrible, the appliances were old and there were even holes in the wall. But that's what you get for wanting a cheap place in the center of a big city. Eve didn't have too much spare cash, and she didn't even know where or how to start the big project. When she found out the man down the hall did renovations for a living (she always saw him parking his company truck in front of the building), she decided to approach him. One look at her tight young body and Mark told her he would do anything she needed for free. Once everything was done and looking better than she had imagined, Eve invited Mark over to thank him the best way she knew how.











She looked so young and felt so tight that when she started giggling like a little girl, Mark thought he would cum right then and there.





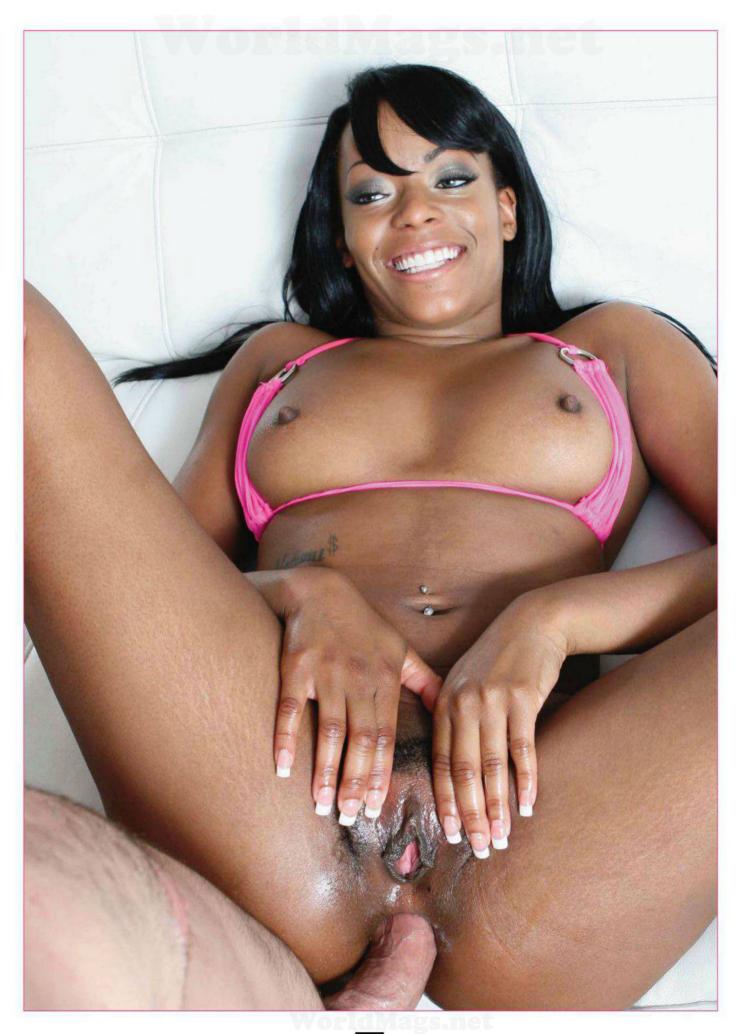




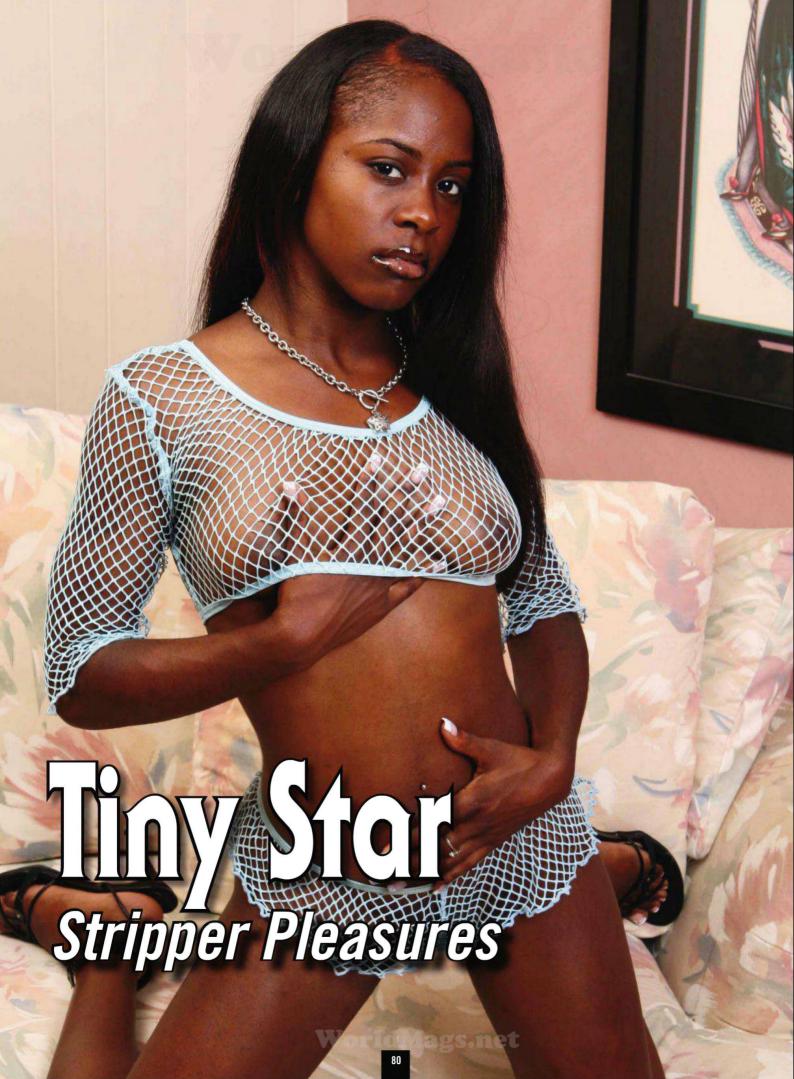


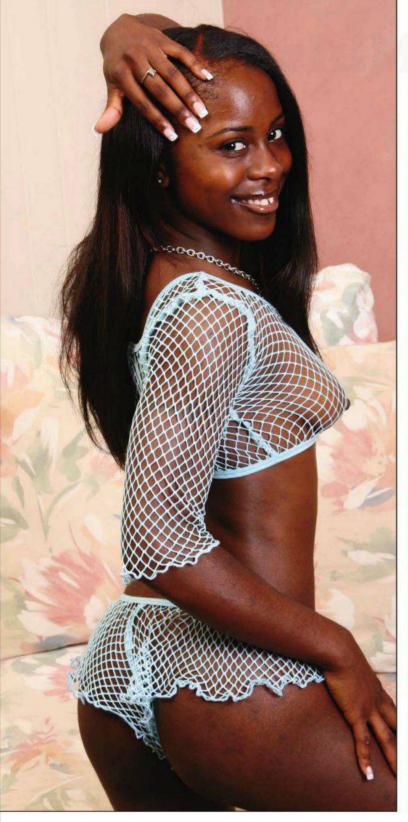














Tiny Star was definitely small but mighty. She knew she had a hot body and that her small frame and tight holes made her one of the most explosive fucks around. She had gotten her job at the strip club without even having to audition, so she knew she had what it took to be successful in the industry. Her hope was to make as much cash as she could, then go back to school, but that was never going to happen if she kept getting the shitty afternoon shifts. No one went to a strip club at 2pm, at least no one with money did. A lot of the girls getting the best time slots weren't even as hot as her, and none knew how to work a pole and move as sensually as she did. She was a filthy slut on stage and everybody knew it, so what gave? There was only one way to find out - confront her boss about it.

















There was nothing this girl didn't know how to do like a pro. Her tight, sopping cunt was making him scream as she worked him like the stripper poles downstairs.











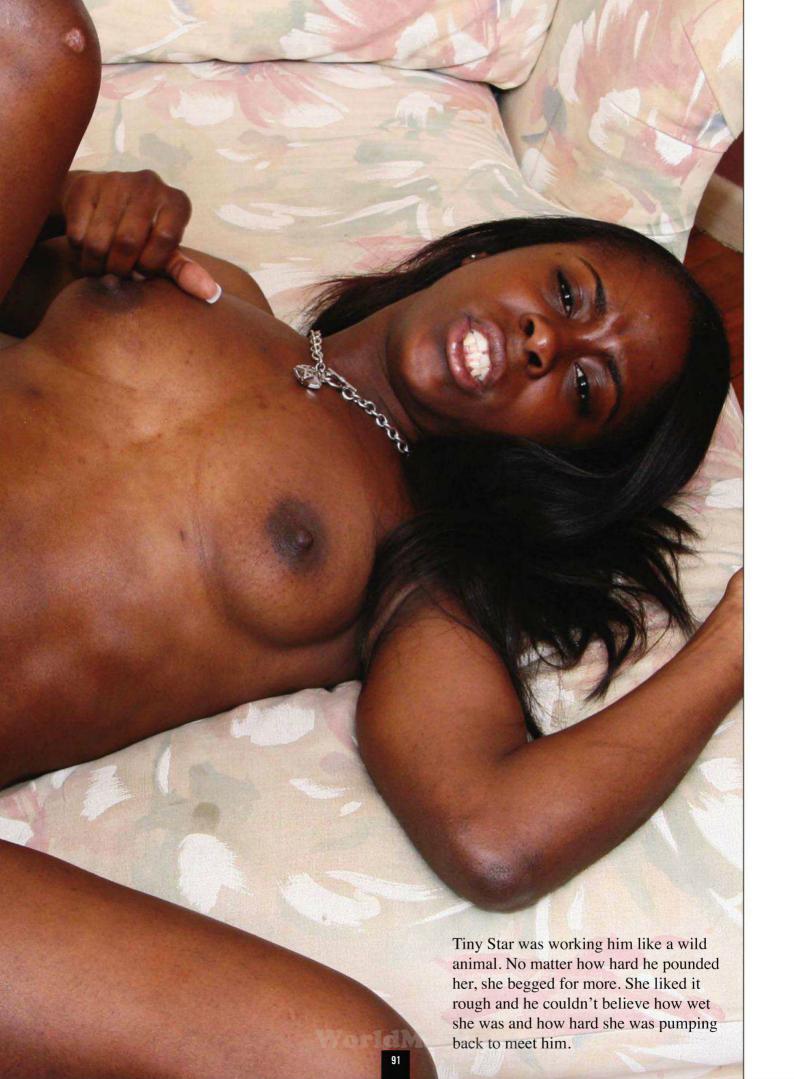




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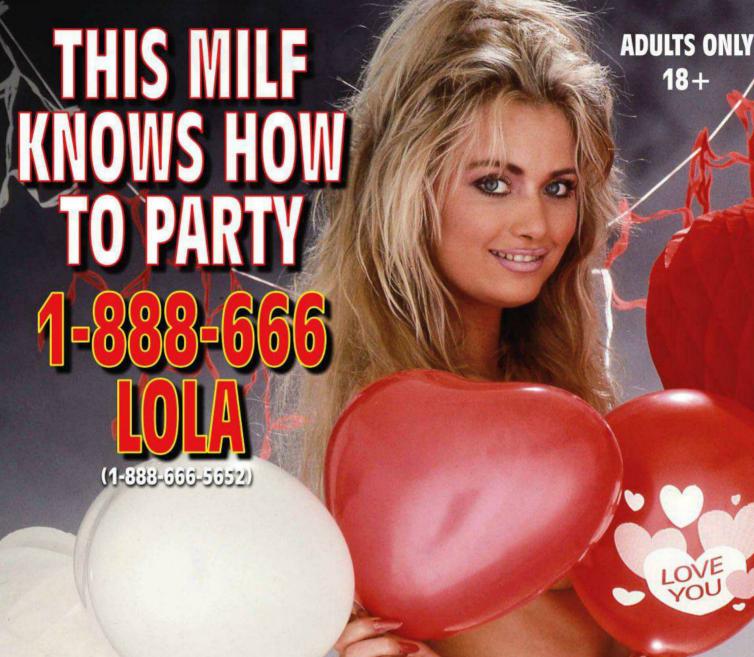


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